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Vol. LXVII

No. 3



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The Whaler

By H. J. KHARIBIAN, '48



ETHAN Coffin sat nervously twisting his hat while he waited for Mr. Portly to finish with some new ship papers. As he sat impatiently in the leather upholstered chair, he thought of the difficulty he had had in applying for a position as deck-hand on the "Java Maid", not only from Mr. Portly but even from his own mother. Ethan's father and his father's father before him had all been top-notch lancers on the big-sterned whaling ships that put out of Salem every year; but ever since Ethan's father had been killed in a whaling accident when Ethan was still a child, his mother looked with more and more disfavor on his normal desire to become a lancer and follow the sperm whale. As he grew older, the tension grew, and his mother tried every means to keep him away from the ships, even sending him to an inland school, although this was a severe strain on her small pension. Nevertheless, the call of the sea had been too strong and Ethan had run away. It was then that his mother realized that this longing could not be stifled and let him have

his own way. Now, at seventeen, he was applying for a berth in the sweetest ship that ever sailed out of Salem Harbor and with one of the best masters, too.

Mr. Portly looked up, coughed, and squinted. "Well, young man," he said; "hrrrrrrruummmppppp, I guess you know that if it wasn't for your late father, who was one of my friends, you wouldn't ever be considered for this position—not when I can get full-grown, able-bodied seamen for just a little more than I'm going to pay you! No, sir! But, you look promising, and you've got good blood in you; you'll probably be a good lancer like your father was, and when that day comes, I want you to be working on my ships. Good lancers are hard come by." With that unusually long speech for so short-spoken a man, he abruptly rose from his chair, thrust out his hand grinning, and said, "Greasy luck, my boy!"

The cool, tangy air of the wharves cleared his groggy senses, and he broke into a run, which he did not stop until he reached home at the other end of town. Rushing into the house, he

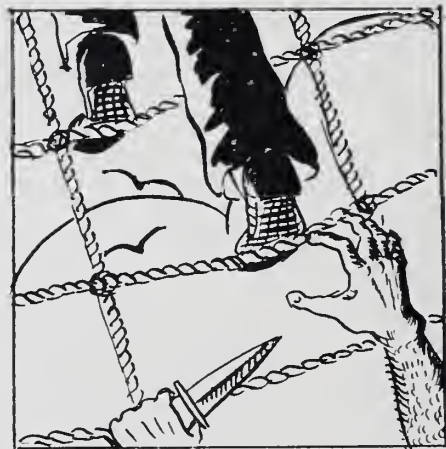
blurted out his happy news and rushed past his mother to pack his dunnage, too eager to notice the cloud that passed over her face. Nevertheless, she turned to follow him and help, making sure he had the essentials for climates that varied from the equator to the Arctic.

While they worked, he kept up a continuous chatter that varied all the way from the socks he needed to what a great lancer he was going to be. His mother only smiled tightly, working swiftly and efficiently in packing all over again the dunnage that he hastily threw together. When at last they were finished, he straightened up, looked at her with softer eyes and said, "Don't be afraid. I'll be back." That was all; there had never been much show of emotion in the Coffin family, even among the women. So Ethan swung the small sea-chest on his broad shoulder, seized the sea-bag, and turned to go. He was stopped by his mother's little cry of sorrow; and turning, he saw her tearfully clutching something in her hand. "It's something I know you'll wear," she choked, "and might bring you some luck." With that she hung an amulet made from a piece of whale-bone around his neck, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him goodbye; then she hastily pushed him away and smiled, "Greasy luck," as all good whalers did.

On board the "Java Maid" young Coffin walked briskly to cabin to be signed on board. As he passed a bulkhead, a man of about thirty-five sat whittling a piece of wood and whistling a tavern tune while he glanced at each of the seamen going to the cabin to be signed. He would often pause in his whittling to leer and make some sarcastic comment to the men. They usually didn't pay attention or were too frightened to say anything; for Josiah Clark was the worst-tempered, meanest, dirtiest, and toughest fighter that the whaling fleets had seen in many a moon. He was big: six feet three in his stocking feet, and half as wide. His barrel-like chest strained at his

woolen shirt, and his two arms hung out of his sleeves like twin boughs of oak. Yet, for all his size, there was hardly an atom of intelligence behind those glittering grey eyes. Even the least of problems caused his face to be contorted in his effort to think. But he was strong enough to be a lancer; and somehow he had a strange ability to sense the movements of the whale after it had been sounded. With all his stupidity, he was arrogant and boastful and did not pass up a chance to show it. Now Ethan was the chance. With a quick swoop he grasped the amazed boy by the collar as he yelled to one of his shipmates, "Hey, Willie, look at the mackerel I caught," and tossed him half the length of the deck, sea-chest and all. Now Ethan was no coward, but even he had to concede that he was no match for the likes of Clark; so he merely picked himself up to continue to the cabin, while Clark and his mates roared, with heads thrust back and arms akimbo.

A strange sight met him when he was safely within. Directly opposite him sat the captain, Christopher Marlowe, a slim, wiry man of tall stature and keen intelligent face. Beside him, helping him sign on the men, was the first mate, Jason Burns. At first glance, he seemed to be almost a second Clark in physique; but his face was covered with a short, coarse, black beard, tinged lightly with grey, above which twinkled



his clear, blue eyes. When they had examined his papers, both men looked at him questioningly. "So you're Alan Coffin's son, eh?" asked the Captain in dry tones, looking him over. "I knew your father well. It was a regrettable accident, a very regrettable accident. If you're half as good as your father was, I'll be satisfied. You will bunk forward."

After he had signed, Jason Burns rumbled, "You'll be assigned to my cutter. I'll teach you the tricks of the trade personally." Ethan expressed his sincere thanks and left, making sure to steer clear of Clark, who still sat slowly whittling and screwing up his face as he talked to his "foot-mat" Willie.

At dawn the next morning, they put to sea; and, with all sails set, they sped over the chill waters of the Atlantic. They continued for weeks until they rounded the horn, the "Maid" taking all weather in stride. During this time, Ethan was kept busy with the countless tasks, large and small, that a sailor had on a whaling vessel: holly-stone the decks every morning, tar ropes, air bedding, and the rest.

Several weeks later, they nosed into the warm, blue waters of the Pacific and soon sighted their first whale. The whale had sounded, and all three boats were lowered to give chase. Now it was the test of strength and endurance to overhaul the whale and strike before it sounded again. There was keen competition as Clark's and Burns's boats drew nearer the whale. Ethan glanced over his shoulder to see Clark, his chest bared, arms moving like pistons as he snarled at his men to make "the handles bend". Slowly their boat pulled away and was the first to strike the whale. It sounded again and came up near Burns's boat, where he had the honor of dispatching it with a long lance, much to the rage and chagrin of Clark, who caught Ethan grinning broadly at the sudden turn in fortune. "I'll teach ye to laugh, ye milk-fed porpoise," he screamed, shaking his

immense fist at Ethan, "Just like I did your fa - - - ." but the rest was lost in the "halloo" as the ship came up.

Weeks passed, and the hold was swiftly filling up with sperm oil. They were busy as usual one day, when Ethan happened to venture too close to Clark, busy winding the lance rope in its keg. One strand was slightly parted; and Clark, who was without question a good lancer, would undoubtedly have changed the rope. But Ethan, in his eagerness to be helpful, brought it to his attention. Clark's great bulk shot up; and, with livid face he rushed at Ethan, picked him up bodily and dashed him to the deck.

"Tell me what to do, will ye?" he chortled. "First ye laugh at me, and now ye tell me how to wrap up the rope as if I wasn't the best lancer that ever sailed out of Salem."

He broke off again, and stooped to pick up the unconscious form of the boy. But as he did so the blurred upward swing of a boot caught him full in the face to send him sprawling on the deck. Jason Burns stood over him with a belaying pin in his hand, ready to continue if need be, but the captain had come forward with the "cat o' nine tails" in his hand. "It will be thirty lashes for anyone who strikes the first blow," he said in his dry, flat voice." He waited until Clark had picked himself up and stumbled back; then he abruptly turned and strode back to his cabin.

Matters had quieted down, and they still continued to have excellent luck as whale after whale was killed. Yet all could not help feeling that Clark would not let this easily pass, and often he was caught brooding alone with a dark scowl on his massive features. It could bode no good for any one.

They had sailed continually northward. The sails became hard to manage, the rigging icy and the weather dirty. The ocean ran in heavy swells, and the sky was continually overcast, until one night a gale swept down upon the ship. All hands were called on

deck, and Ethan ran forward to help trim the main foresail. But one pair of glittering eyes followed Ethan's retreating back as he hurried toward the bow. Clark crept after the boy, taking advantage of any cover not trusting to the darkness. "Now's my chance to get rid of him, too," he muttered to himself. "Last time it was the whale-boat; this time it'll be the rigging." He followed Ethan up the slippery rope ladder and edged out on the spar after him. Creeping cautiously after the laboring boy, he slowly raised his clenched fist to strike Ethan on the side of the head and knock him from his precarious position made doubly insecure by the coating of ice. But as he did so, a splintering crash caused him to look up in time to see the tattered royals come hurtling down with gathering momentum.

Ethan awoke in the captain's cabin, aware of the dull pain in his left arm and leg, and vicious throbbing in his head. He groaned slightly and turned on his pillow to see the captain and first mate eyeing him apprehensively. The captain was the first to break the silence. "We thought we almost lost you there for a while, boy. It's lucky that you hit a piece of the rigging and fell back on the deck. Clark's lost overboard. It's probably what he deserved, though; I always had the suspicion that your father's falling from the whale-boat that day was no accident, but we had no proof. I guess he just couldn't stand being second best." The captain got up, walked to the medicine chest and got some morphine. "Take this; it'll ease the pain." After he drank it, Ethan closed his eyes, turned his face to the wall, and slept.



Fever

By JOHN KLIPHAN, '51

. . . all at once there is nothing; utter, complete emptiness. You drift along through space, through the sheer nothingness of a black void. An incomprehensible vastness surrounds you. You are drawn into whirlpools of unconsciousness, as your mind fights the swirling, dizzy, black current.

You go down, and down, and down. Eternities later you are again floating through the blue-black ether towards a pinpoint of light. Desperation fights into your mind as the light seems farther away with your every movement.

An indefinable sound like a horrible echo resounds through the corridors of your mind, rebounding again and again like the ever-widening circles that form

in a lake after a pebble has been dropped into its calm stillness.

Again you are falling and spinning around and around. Suddenly you are blinded by a splash of color completely unknown to you. It sickens you as the color changes over and over, and finally turning a horrible brown, completely engulfs you.

You hear a voice calling your name, echoing in your brain, pounding like a sledge-hammer at your eardrums. Your eyelids seem to weigh tons as you fight desperately to lift them. The room whirls, and then becomes clear. You are drenched with perspiration.

The fever is broken.

How We Met The "Met"

By NATHAN AZRIN, '48



AS ONE reads through the beautifully told tales of Herodotus, the "Father of History," one cannot help but feel a deep appreciation for his genius. His tales of the Greek and Persian wars, and especially the heroic defense by the Spartans at Thermopylae, give us an insight into the nature of men; and yet . . . his works are not complete. In all nine books there is not even a mention of the *Battle of Dudley Station*.

Of course, this cannot be strictly interpreted as an oversight on the part of Herodotus; but lest his works be subject to criticism, I shall attempt to rectify this error of omission.

Before we go into the bloody details, here is a summary of the battle. *The scene*: Dudley Station. *The time*: 8 a.m. every weekday morning. *Cause*: undertimed. *Opposing forces*: five hundred schoolboys plus one hundred innocent bystanders vs. one door two feet wide by five feet high. *Result*: increased sales for manufacturers of medicinal supplies, and constant addition of words and phrases to the English language. I speak as an actual combatant.

I had been waiting over half an hour for the bus. No sooner had it entered

the station than five hundred book-bag-armed schoolboys swarmed over it. Their pushing and grunting to get in seemed to be considerably delayed by an unusually small door, which afforded passage to one thin person or two-thirds of a fat one. Some interesting and typical remarks of the crowd follow: "Shove gently, please"; "Who's biting my nose?"; "Anybody seen a loose leg kicking around lately?"; and "How dare you, sir?"

Thus far there was a stalemate, and no one could gain entrance. But then a member of our cavalry—he had a pony with him—suddenly cried, "Lady with a baby." All the chivalrous gentlemen stepped aside at once, and he ran in with a minimum of resistance. Thus was the bottleneck broken, and every five minutes or so saw another student enter the bus.

To facilitate entrance, however, one student pried open a window and began to climb in. Were it not for his stoutness and the example he set, others might have tried the same stratagem. As it was, he was halfway through the window when the sound of ripping cloth informed all of an embarrassing accident. The boy quietly slipped out of the window, his back facing where people weren't and his face turning a crimson red.

The conductor raised havoc on the morale of our troops by nonchalantly saying, "Here, now, no pushing; there's no need for pushing; plenty of room." Ha!

I found that if I took a running start and threw myself against the crowd, the reaction invariably pushed one of the students through the door; however, one woman took offense at my humanitarian attempt to aid my fellow man as it entailed the dislocating of her spine and I was compelled to desist.

Eventually, all five hundred of us were in the bus; yes, I said five hundred. I had a comfortable seat of my own, but the adjacent one was vacant. Two rather tall fellows began to argue the ownership of the empty set and were on the verge of fighting when I persuaded them to solve their difficulties peacefully and rationally. They agreed wholeheartedly, and I found myself without a seat.

As I stood there dumfounded, the bus suddenly lurched forward. I hastily reached for a hand-support but apparently too hastily, for I was soon lying on the floor with a woman's hat in my outstretched hand.

The bus was unbearably crowded. I could even lift both feet off the ground without falling. Not only that, but I noticed the sides of the bus bulged every time I inhaled.

Going down hill was an easy procedure; but once an upgrade was reached, the bus stopped short. The students then tossed coins to see who

would go out and push. I made myself five dollars then.

One gentleman began shouting, "Rear door! rear door, please!" As he persisted in his ear-splitting cries, one obliging student unscrewed the hinges and gave it to him.

When we finally reached our destination, we left the bus; some of us walked, others fell, and still others were carried out. By that time it was nine o'clock, and we were late. Some of us were exhausted and had wounds that wanted bathing; others repaired to Sharaf's for a cup of coffee never to be seen again. Strong coffee, eh? The rest of us plodded our weary way to L.L.S. Some were hoping that UMT would soon take us away from it all; others were busily calculating the length of time required to acquire the necessary "moolah" to buy a bicycle by mowing Mrs. Rosenberg's lawn every Saturday; but we all came to one common agreement: we had met our match; we could not beat the "Met."



Searching

By STANLEY F. CHYET, '48

*I met a man in the sombre dusk,
When the day had died
And the misty darkness was rising in the fields.
He was searching for something—
His brow perplexed, his mind deep in thought.
"What do you seek?" I asked him.
"I know not," he answered sadly;
"I know not what I seek—
God, truth, peace, beauty, or wisdom—
I know not what I seek."
His eyes shone with a strange, burning light,
As he raised them to the purple, rose-streaked sky.
"But, one day, one day, I shall find my star;
I shall never stop searching until I do."
He moved away—this lonely, hungry man—into the sombre dusk.
The rose streak was gone from the sky,
And I stood alone.*

Un Faux Pas

By WILLIAM H. MORGAN, '48

MY DATE-BOOK had come to life after a season of scribbled homelesson notes, resourceful telephone numbers, and just plain blanks. The Junior-Senior Dance caused the awakening. I was taking an old flame of mine — Desdemona, by name—and we were going along with my friend "Dave," and his girl-of-the-evening—Pollyanna. While the two girls were having a tête-à-tête. "Dave" whispered to me, "... and there's something I want to tell you . . ." I knew it was some sort of deep, dark secret, not for feminine ears; but "Dave" never got a chance to tell me. He made several attempts in the Hall but the girls were hovering near; so he said that he'd tell me later.

Meantime, I swept Desdemona off her feet for the first few dances. I told her, for conversation's sake, that I thought she looked like the belle of the ball.

"Oh," she giggled, "you're just kidding."

"Ya," said I, "but how d'ya know?"

Desdemona looked depressed and said not a word until a few minutes later when the orchestra began to play "Mam'selle," she whispered tenderly, "Bill, they're playing my favorite tune."

"Mine, too," I answered; "it brings back memories of my nights in gay Paris."

Desdemone looked a bit surprised, then asked, "Were you ever actually in Paris, Bill?"

"Good heavens, girl," said I, "whose most extensive journey had been to New York: "where do you suppose I acquired by Parisian accent?"

"Can you really speak French?" she asked.

"That's quite amusing," said I. "In Paris the girls asked if I could speak English."

"Well, then," she said, demanding proof, "speak French to me."

I had to think fast. I knew she didn't know a word of French. Anything would do. I recalled a sentence from my Class III French vocabulary sheet. I sang it to her to the tune of "Mam'selle."

"... voulez-vous bien, mam'selle, regardez cette dent-ci. Je ne puis rien manger . . ." What she thought were flaming words of passion actually meant, "Will you please look at my tooth? I can eat nothing." I kept this up until the dance was over, and then decided that I'd have the next dance with Pollyanna.

Now, Pollyanna is altogether different from Desdemona; that is, Polly is beautiful, and her dark eyes gave her an exotic expression. Strangely enough, the orchestra again played *Mam'selle*. I softly crooned my grammar sentence to her.

After the third line, she interrupted me: "Might I recommend a very good dentist?"

Startled, I blurted, "Oh, you know French?"

"Quite well," she answered.

"Well," said I cautiously, "perhaps I'd better talk about something else . . . err . . . How's school?"

"All right," Polly answered coolly.



"How's school with you?"

"Oh, fine," I answered, or rather lied.

"Tell me; do you know Mr. Brown at Latin School?"

"Do I?" said I harshly. "I've got the old pi-eye in Latin."

"Then you don't like him?"

"Like him? Why that old . . ." In-

termission interrupted this intelligent speech. I approached "Dave" and said, "The girls have departed to repair their faces—what was it you wanted to tell me?"

"Oh, nothing important," Dave answered, "Just be careful what you say about Brown. He's Polly's old man."

They carried me out on a stretcher.

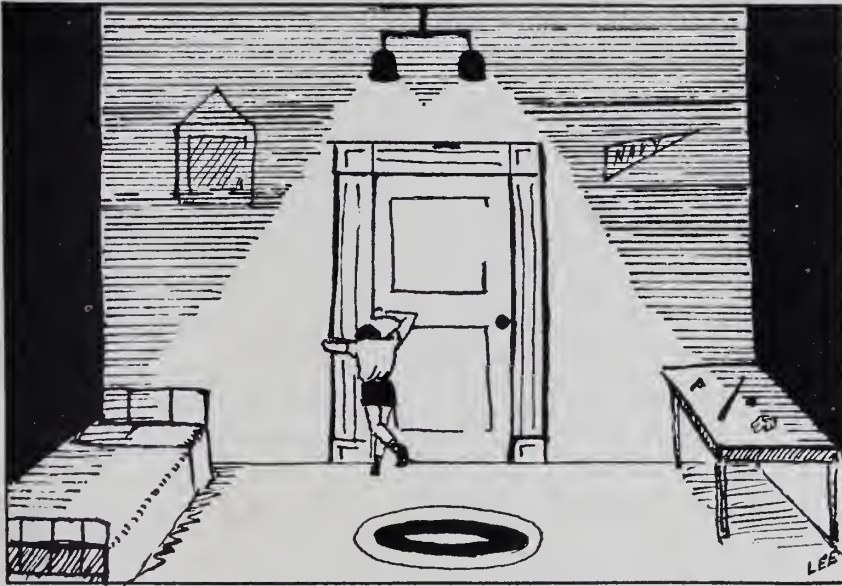


In Memoriam

Catherine E. Boylan

The Moon Below

By ARNOLD SABLE, '48



“**E**DDIE, come here and see what nice Mr. Simpson brought you.”

From his bedroom window he watched the big boys play blockball, spinning and turning around in the street when a successful hit had been made. Their faces exulted in a supreme moment of natural freedom; majestic battles were won; cowboys astride magnificent palominos routed fierce Indians whooping and screaming in a harmonious war-chant in the game. The hero was cheered; the villain, flaunted.

“Eddie, if you don’t come here this instant, I’ll have to tell Mr. Simpson how naughty you are.”

Then “Eddie” heard his mother enumerate the difficulties of raising that boy: how he would not obey at certain times; how he would mope, mope about the house all day. “Tch, tch; I really don’t know just what I can do with him. There’s nobody in the neighborhood his age. And he won’t go outside and play. No, he has to be

under my feet. Tch, tch; what some mothers have to go through!”

When he appeared on the threshold between his bedroom and the living-room, Mr. Simpson, a huge-shouldered man accustomed to come for discussions with Mr. Cloude the first of every month, eyed Eddie with the usual my-but-you-look-thinner stare and handed him a large paper bag obviously purchased in Woolworth’s.

“Here, Eddie; something for you.”

His father lit the cigar which had been dangling in his mouth. “Now, John, what you say might be true, but I still got my shirt on the Westford Tigers.”

“Eddie” fingered the package. A coloring book with two sympathetic cherubs on the cover announcing the “Darling Coloring Folio” — darling cherubs who had, to be sure, “even seen the inside of a town like Westford, where only big boys played blockball in the street, spinning and turning. . . .

“Well, Eddie, aren’t you going to say

'thank you' to nice Mr. Simpson?" She turned to the giver. "Honest, John, the things mothers have to put up with. Why, it was only yesterday that I drilled him for half an hour to say thank-you, thank-you. You'd think a seven-year-old boy would know the right things to say for company."

"All right, Gertrude; let the boy have his book." Mr. Cloude leaned back in the heavily cushioned armchair and sighed. "John, sometimes I wonder how stubborn you can get about the yearly winning of the Eastie Cup. Your Harmon Wildcats can't keep their eye on a dribble."

Gertrude rose and went to the threshold, where the boy remained—the bag held in his hands as though this was the first time he had ever received a coloring book with darling cherubs. He saw his mother coming toward him; and suddenly he had a desire to run about a block and see if the Indians were chasing him, while in his ears would ring the tumultuous shouts of "Home run! Home run!" The catcher would shake his hand, and soon every captain would say, "My first choice is Eddie Cloude." But the boys were not his age. His mother stood before him, her hands dangling limply at her sides.

"You're a bad boy, Eddie. But I suppose it's from the training you get from your father. He wouldn't care if you ran away from home and never came back. Tch, tch; what a mother has to worry about."

"I don't think he's such a bad feller," from Mr. Simpson.

"Go get your crayons now, and you can sit on the rug beside us and color." "Eddie" took off the bag completely and let it slide to the floor with a slight wailing sound. "Go ahead now. Don't keep moping." Then, turning to Mr. Cloude, "Why won't you do something about Eddie? It makes me sick to my stomach just watching him. Take him to a baseball game or something. But please don't let him hang around where he does nothing." Eddie found his crayons under the bed in his room.

When he returned to the living-room and found a suitable place near Mr. Simpson's foot, Gertrude had seated herself again on the edge of the lyre-back chair.

"I bet it must be exciting to be manager of the Harmon Wildcats. Think of all the fame and glory you must get. My!" She shook her head.

Mr. Simpson beamed. "Oh, it's not like that."

"Gert, won't you let me get a word in edgewise? I'm trying to find out on which team I should place a bet? Can't I coax some info about the Wildcats out of this guy without you butting in?" He apologized to his companion, "Well, John, in a goodnatured way, of course." All his gold teeth shown when he smiled before flooding the room with smoke.

"No, you think it's easy to bring up a child who continually won't do what you want him to. Go ahead and talk. I won't care."

The coloring book had pictures of Candy Land and lots of lollypops and ice cream cones and taffy apples that you see only in coloring books. Why, these things were not real. It's more fun to watch the big boys play.

The conversation droned on. Mr. Cloude discovered that the Wildcats were in fine shape, that their uniforms had just arrived, and that the whole town was, for a change, favoring them. Occasionally Mrs. Cloude would attempt to question Mr. Simpson on his attitude towards the team as the manager; but her husband seemed to become annoyed and inserted a platitude on the out-of-town teams. "Eddie" continued to color his pictures, and soon one whole scene showing how pleasant it is to go to the beach in Munchy-Wunchy Candy Lane was alive with form.

"Now, I saw a good football game last season—the Winds and the Avengers. Good game. Some nice passing on the part of that young kid, what's-his-name." Mr. Cloude continued torturing his cigar.

Gertrude leaned farther in her seat. "Would you like the hot tea now, Mr. Cloude?"

"Well, Mrs. Cloude, it's about time you remembered something." A significant 'ahem' terminated his sentence.

Now get this. A hot day, with everyone sweltering in the streets and drinking lemonade on their porches, and here is some one wanting hot tea.

"Eddie's" mouth began to move. "Ha, hot tea," said he slowly, almost swallowing the words to choke his windpipe.

Then the room began to whirl. Mr. Cloude stood up and said, "What did that kid say? I'm positive he called me a nut."

Gertrude opened her mouth until her pointed tongue appeared flapping against the inside of her mouth. "Why, Mr. Cloude! How could you ever say anything like that?"

"You're wrong, Gertrude. I heard the kid call me a nut." Mr. Cloude threw his cigar in the ashtray. "You're the one who's bringing him up to be a pretty fresh brat."

"My doings?" Gertrude stood up with her hand leveled at "Eddie." "So it's my fault. Well, Mr. Cloude, that's the first criticising word I've heard out of you this afternoon. And to think that it should make my blood boil!"

"If you claim you're such a good mother to him, then why don't you do something to him?" Mr. Simpson sat down, his brow knitted in pensive thought.

"I certainly will."



Gertrude stepped over the men's feet and hovered about "Eddie." Her voice told something of being naughty and insulting to one's father who had made religious habit of drinking hot tea in the afternoon. And a person hasn't a right to break his habits, especially if he has been advised by a friend who was the brother of a man who knew a doctor who said hot tea in the afternoon every day was a good purgative for freeing the body of all poisons. And isn't it right for a person to want a healthy body, even if that person is one's father, who has loved and watched over his son since infancy? Now his son was repaying his own flesh-and-blood with insults.

Having concluded her tirade of anguish on bringing up the boy, she slapped him across the face, and exclaimed, "Tch, tch; isn't it hard to raise a boy these days, even one who will mope, mope about the house all day."

"Eddie" arose, with the mark and memory of a pain across his face. He drew his hand slowly over his cheek, saw his father re-light another cigar stub, his mother regard him victoriously, and Mr. Simpson expand his chest. The next time Mr. Cloude motioned, Gertrude went to boil the water for tea, and "Eddie" realized he had been reprimanded by his mother. He ran into his bedroom and shut the door.

Shouts of victory and defeat still reached him from that wondrous game of block-ball, but no more did Indians seem to chase around the bases pursued by stalwart cowboys. Only greedy boys played now, cheating to win with just that objective in mind. As he slumped on the wood against the door, a dark moon appeared, like a moon from below, with its position reversed in the cosmic. All the material in the room, in the house, in the street was upside-down, a darker hue that immediately informed him something was wrong. And "Eddie" cried softly against the door, softly, so that his mother and father and Mr. Simpson

would not hear him.

He sobbed for a while; and then, when his mother again went to the kitchen for pastry, he sneaked past the men to the front door. He was outside.

The memory of a sentence uttered without meaning in the house came to him. "He wouldn't care if you ran away from home and never came back." The thought whistled in his brain, like a faraway locomotive that only shows smoke and soon is racing from the horizon, puffing, chugging, car and car pushing another, until the whole train beats near you, screaming this time, laughing in derision and whistling past you with a boom! . . . and blurred faces. Sure, it might go; but still the noise with the vision remains. The wheels might still be singing in mockery. This is the master, the lord of labor; how to this one and abide his judgment, for this being of endurance still remains with you. "If you ran away . . . if you ran away . . . if you ran away . . ."

"Eddie" began to walk down the street, looking at neither the big boys concluding their game of block-ball, nor the new tiny dog the neighbors next door bought. He gained momentum; his legs carried him past the shiny, roaring houses. He ran.

He ran, ran, ran. The coal works fluttered by, the churches, the Westford Main Street all twirled about, as Eddie, intoxicated with speed, heeded them not. His legs moved like the wheels of the locomotive, only now he was the train and all the faces around him were blurred.

Not stopping until he came to the edge of the town's residential section, "Eddie" raced, the wind forcing him on to the old railroad tracks. There, beside the rusty rails, the overgrown weeds leaning over the wood and with the faint twittering of a bird on a rotting trestle in his ears, "Eddie" fell and hugged the ground. A delicate aroma of clean air came to him, and he drank it hungrily. So this was running away from home. What a funny thing it

does to the stomach! Although the place is unfamiliar still, the moon which had seemed below in the house hangs over the heat, and the heat permeates the setting.

"Hello, little boy. What are you doing here?" A funny voice, like the collision of two sparrows in mid-air.

"Eddie" bolted upright and found himself peering into the face of an old lady, dressed in the queerest style he ever did see. Her hair was piled in unsymmetrical curls above her head, held in place by glittering combs. A black dress, almost down to her ankles, swished with her steps; and her face was wrinkled, far more wrinkles than even old Mrs. Peters who lived down the street near the Cloude home. Every time she moved her hands, all her rings caught the fierce sunshine and held the rays, blinding "Eddie."

"Oh, so you don't speak!" The voice did not fuse with the grass and the rails and the clean freshness. She folded her heavy black dress under her and sat beside "Eddie" on the grass.

"It's funny the way you remind me of a little girl I once knew, a little girl with long, straight black hair who always dressed her dolls in the frilliest clothes. But," she sighed, "that little girl is gone now."

"Eddie" watched the sunshine in the rings as they hypnotized him. The word 'age' seemed to be written above this lady, who kept waving her hands to emphasize her sentences. And her



eyes—they were old and deep, like a pond in the dark—even a shallow pond; but the observer does not know just how far down is bottom, and he fears to venture to the edge.

"Come here. You're such a nice little boy." As she reached forward, the rings fell before "Eddie's" face, and then a shiver of dampness passed over his arm. She had touched his arm, but it wasn't the fleshy touch that Mother would give him. The hand was wrinkled and bumpy and loathsome. He shrank away.

"Don't be afraid of me, little boy. An old woman can not hurt you." Her dress bespoke a scraping of pots and pans over the grass as she slid to "Eddie" again. This time two hands reached out, seeking the youthful shoulder and surveying the frail arms.

His eyes opened. There was that shiver passing over him. This time the dampness was more manifest. "Don't, O, please don't."

"I won't hurt you. It's just that I like little boys. You remind me so much of that girl with long, straight black hair. She used to bring her dolls to me, and I'd hold them in my arms, softly swaying to and fro and singing a song." The black dress touched "Eddie"; and as though there was something contagious in the material, he sat upright on the grass, tugging against her arms.

"And I'd hold them in my arms. See, I'll show you." With a strength so terrifying that she forced him back to the ground until he was next to her body, she squeezed him with all her might next to that black, black dress, and the songs of two sparrows became four and six and eight.

"Softly falls the night above;

The stars sing melodies.

Close thine eyes and listen . . ."

Suddenly a voice shattered the croaking.

From the end of the tracks, still distant, a young woman raced, and the wind carried her shouts, "Mother! Mother!"

For a second the old lady seemed to heed her not; then, recognizing the voice, she arose, clutching "Eddie" between her arms.

"It's her!" Her mouth grinded while her face became paper-white. "Quick! We've got to hurry!" Hopping about, she grabbed the boy's hand and began to tow him down the line of the tracks.

"Leave me go," he screamed. "Leave me go, leave me go! I don't want to go with you. I want my mother!" He fell to the ground while the old lady still dragged him along the earth, the pebbles biting into his skin and the dust flying about him, suffocating him. The woman faltered, and seeing "Eddie" struggle on the ground, his pants torn at the knees, fell beside him; and began to sob, this time embracing him tighter than before.

"I knew we couldn't do it. I knew it." Her face pressed against his, and slowly tears opened a route flowing from her eyes—those eyes, old and deep.

When the young woman reached the couple, she managed to disentangle the two; and, after apologizing to "Eddie" about the old lady who was her mother and who had the habit of leaving the sun parlor every now and then, she offered to drive him home if he would follow her to the house.

With the old woman rocking on the sun parlor, her black dress clutched tightly between her hands, "Eddie" and the lady left in a long automobile the sight of the tracks behind, in favor of his home.

The woman gave him a pat on the shoulders and told him that he would grow up to be a fine, strong boy one of these days.

He let the screen door bang. His mother was still in the living-room, although Mr. Simpson had gone.

"Is that you, Eddie? Well, I must say it's about time you showed up. Do you know that your supper is already cold and that it is almost your bedtime? Come into this room now. Tch, tch; no wonder mothers get gray."

A Relic from a Forgotten Era

By ROBERT H. GOLDSTEIN, '49



AH, THEY are gone. You ask me what are gone? Why, the "spuckies" are gone. You don't know what a "spuckie" is? But then, how could I expect you to know? They were before your time. They were abolished the year before any one of the present sacred Seniors entered these hallowed halls of learning.

Well, sit down and let me tell you about them. To start at the beginning, the "spuckie" was, or was supposed to be, something to eat. In shape and appearance it resembled a French bread, sliced open and with a whole bologna placed between the two halves. The entire morsel was then soaked in mustard, and pepper was generously sprinkled thereon. The "spuckie" tasted like a mixture of mucilage and burnt charcoal. Its texture, however, is what made it famous. It was virtually impossible to penetrate the outer crust of one of these delicacies merely with your teeth; and even if you could get by this first obstacle, the moment you came upon the inner dough, your teeth were at once entangled in a gooey, sticky, rubbery substance, from which there was little hope of escape. Yet thousands of these "spuckies" were devoured daily by the students of Ye Olde Latine Schoole.

On the other hand, they had their good qualities also. As for economy, a greater bargain was never offered in the country. I remember the days when a Sixth Classman, his stomach already accustomed to these tender morsels, would purchase one of these extraordinary tidbits for the ridiculously low price of five cents; then, with the aid of one, or better still, two of his cronies, haul it away to some dark corner of the building, where they would hack it into four pieces. One, they would eat for lunch; the second, they would consume in the periods immediately following lunch; the third, they would use to club their way through the crowds on the way home; the fourth, was usually saved for the day report cards were issued. The sly fellows would show their cards to their parents and then scare their folks into signing by threatening to eat the whole supply unless the poor, helpless parent complied.

The "spuckie" was also helpful around the school. The janitors used them for hammers; the football players tied several together and used them for tackling dummies; the track team employed them in shotput practice.

One day, however, the boys entered the lunchroom and discovered the "spuckies" were gone. Where or why no one knows. Some say the recipe was used in the manufacture of synthetic rubber; others claim that they are an integral part of the atomic bomb. My opinion is that the Board of Health had something to do with their disappearance. But the fact remained that they were gone and have never since returned. The school was in mourning for weeks, but no amount of pleading could get them back. Time passed; and after a few years they were forgotten, but the mark of the "spuckie" is indelibly stamped on the minds and the ulcers of hundreds of old Latin School boys.

"Allison"

By GARETH M. GREEN, '49

CRUISING along at about twelve knots, the 28-foot sloop "Allison" rose and fell on the fairly heavy swell that was rolling in from the northeast. Her elderly skipper, "Captain" Roger Fairbanks, stood at the wheel scanning the southwestern sky where a deep haze signified an approaching "sou'wester." He was trying to reach the little harbor of Green Bay, where he knew he would be safe and protected against the storm. Seeming to sense his desire, the "Allison" pushed forward a little faster. As evening approached, however, and the breeze began to die, the skipper knew he would have to weather the storm at sea.

Leaving the ship to guide herself, he went below to fetch his sons, Alan and Edward. He told them of his plan. After supper, he asked them to come on deck again in order to rig the ship for the storm.

On deck, they noticed that the "Allison" had brought them to a small island which looked as if it would afford a fairly good shelter from the storm. There was a long rocky peninsula that extended out to one side of the island, which would break the sea and cut down the wind. After sailing her around it and anchoring her in what seemed a safe place, Mr. Fairbanks and his sons furled "Allison's" sails, closed her hatches, and placed a guide-rope along the deck.

At about quarter of seven the deep purple haze turned blacker, and flashes of lightning were seen amid the ominous clouds. "Captain" Roger knew at once that when it struck, the storm would hit swiftly and powerfully. The "Allison" seemed to curl herself up as if to protect herself from the impending tempest.

True to the "Captain's" prediction, the storm struck swiftly at seven-thirty.

It was ushered in by a violent gale of wind, which almost snapped the mast, followed by a veritable flood of rain with bolts of lightning and ear-splitting cracks of thunder. The surf broke high on the bow of the ship and crashed on the peninsula beyond. Although she was fairly well-protected, the "Allison" was buffeted about like a nutshell.

As the night wore on, the gale increased in ferocity. Then, without the least warning, the storm switched to the northeast. The "Allison" careened about on her anchor-rope like a ball on the end of a whip. The force of this action snapped the anchor-rope like thread. Before the Fairbankses realized what had happened, they saw the ugly rocks of the peninsula leaping at them out of the darkness. As the "Allison" was being driven toward them by the force of a screaming gale and an open sea behind her, "Captain" Fairbanks, having decided to chance a desperate scheme, shouted to "Ed" and Alan to raise the mains'l and triple-reef it. But, with a mighty roar, the wind tore it from the mast and rendered it useless. With death staring them in the face, Roger commanded them to make one last try with the gib. The gib, however, proved far too small to pull them around.



When they were but fifty yards from the jagged rocks, the skipper gave the command to abandon ship. After her masters left her, the "*Allison*" careened madly about in the swift currents—then

with a mighty roar, distinctly audible above the howling of the storm, the graceful "*Allison*" crashed against the rocks. A mighty roar . . . and then silence.

The Procrastinator

By SUMNER KIRSCHNER, '48

I WAS always envious of Paul Lockhart. Paul was everything that a man wishes he were; he had a physique to rival that of the Greek gods of old, sensitive face with twinkling blue eyes, dark curly hair and an engaging smile that made it difficult to be anything but friendly.

At school we shared the same room. Paul, easy-going, paid little attention to his studies. While I was burning midnight oil, he would generally be in the company of one of his numerous lady friends. The night before an exam, he would study *my* notes. Paul was an Epicurean; it was his favorite boast that he would never do today what could be put off till tomorrow. Was it not natural that I should envy him? He was all that I was not, but I was consoled; for I knew that one day I should be a success, and Paul—Paul would probably live out his waning years in the county almshouse.

I saw little of him after graduation. I had taken a job with a large department store. It was hard work, but the salary was ample and opportunity for advancement good.

Occasionally, I'd hear of Paul from a fellow-alumnus. He was generally vacationing on some yacht or visiting at the country estate of one of his many acquaintances. By giving his attention to old ladies and lending a willing ear to pompous men, however tedious, he had made his way into society in spite of his lack of funds. And why not? He was young, good-looking, and an excellent dancer. His high spirits, pleasing exterior, and engaging manner made him an admirable companion.

Whenever he happened to be passing through London, he'd get in touch with me and I would take him out to dinner. We would talk about the old days at Eton and how much fun we had had. Invariably, on parting, he would explain apologetically that he was in rather strained circumstances — just temporarily, of course — and would borrow thirty or forty pounds. You see, I had by this time become Assistant Manager of "Men's Apparel" at *Lacy's Department Store* and was earning a sizable income; my work was very much appreciated and I looked forward to becoming one of the executives in the not too distant future.

Two years had passed before Paul and I again saw one another. He had just returned from the Continent and was on his way to Cowes to help usher in the yachting season when he called to invite me to dinner. I was sorry, I explained, but I had been invited previously to a party that Mr. Lacy was giving for the executive staff and a few friends, but if he wanted to come along, he was welcome. He replied he would probably be bored to distraction, but since he had a few hours between trains, he would call for me in his new Citroen (he had made a little money at *Monte*).

June Lacy, H. G. Lacy's daughter and sole heiress, was at the soirée. She was a beautiful girl and unspoiled in spite of her father's abundance of excess currency. Three months later, she and Paul were engaged. When they returned from their honeymoon, I shook hands with the new Vice-President of H. G. Lacy's Ltd.—Paul Lockhart!

Shakespeare's Influence on Music

By JOHN P. SULLIVAN, '48



THERE is no doubt that Shakespeare had a great influence upon the dramatists who succeeded him. Shakespeare, however, was not only a model for future dramatists, but an inspiration for composers, great and small. When the plays began to be translated and circulated abroad, composers all over Europe came under his extraordinary influence and began setting his plays to music or writing incidental pieces.

An interesting story of the composition, by Franz Schubert, of "Hark, Hark, the Lark," from Shakespeare's play *Cymbeline*, is told by the composer's old friend Doppler: "Returning from a Sunday stroll with some friends through the village of Wahrung, Schubert saw a friend sitting at a table in the beer garden of one of the taverns. The friend had a volume of Shakespeare on the table. Schubert seized it and began to read; but before he had turned over many pages, pointed to 'Hark, hark, the lark', and explained, 'Such a lovely melody has come into my head—if I but had some music paper,' Some one drew a few staves on the back of the bill of fare; and there, amid the hubbub of the beer garden, that beautiful song so perfectly fitting the words, so skillful and happy in its accompaniments, came into per-

fect existence." Two other songs followed the same evening—the "Drinking Song" from *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and "Who is Sylvia" from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Such was the melodious genius of Franz Schubert aroused by the poetry of Shakespeare.

Besides Mozart and Mendelssohn, no other composer has ever composed an outstanding work before he reached twenty-one years of age. It is interesting to note that Mendelssohn's exception was inspired by Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mendelssohn wrote the overture at the age of seventeen. The rest of the music was composed much later at the request of the King of Prussia. The composer's German friends took him to task for wasting such beautiful music on such a foolish play, but it is said he never regretted it. In the overture, Mendelssohn chose the ophicleide as the instrument to give an idea of the clumsy Bottom among the fairies, since this instrument blends with no other on earth. Because of its unusual tonal qualities, modern conductors have omitted the ophicleide and substituted a bass trombone or tuba, either of which blends harmoniously with the other instruments.

Berlioz, the great French composer, after the failure at rehearsal of the *Symphony Fantastique*, was asked to write something for Girard, conductor of the *Theatre Italien*. As a result, he composed his *Fantasia* with choruses on *The Tempest*. All went splendidly at rehearsal; fortune seemed to smile, when, with Berlioz' usual luck, an hour before the concert, there broke over Paris the worst storm that had been known for fifty years. The streets were flooded and impassable, and scarcely 300 persons made their appearance at the Concert Hall.

At a performance of Shakespeare's

Macbeth, Edward Grieg was so impressed by the lines

*As I did stand my watch upon the
hill, I looked toward Birnam, and
anon methought the wood began
to move*

that the great Norwegian musician, "the Chopin of the North", immediately composed "The Watchman's Song." It is written for the piano in lyric style and is a simple song depicting the humming of a night watchman.

Berlioz' symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," is by far the greatest work modeled after Shakespeare's play of the same name. The two influences which most affected Berlioz and his works were those of William Shakespeare and Ludwig von Beethoven. While Berlioz was married to a Shakesperian actress, he composed his fifth symphony, "Romeo and Juliet." This piece is now regarded as a classic, but it is a big undertaking to produce it. The symphony is scored

for large orchestration. The first movement imitates a street fight, culminating in the entrance of the Prince, who stops the fight. Then comes a choral prologue for contraltos and basses. The third movement contains the love music. The symphony ends with the light flowering music of the fourth movement.

There is always extensive argument over the relative merits of Tschaikowsky's and Berlioz's orchestral pieces to "Romeo and Juliet." It seems that if one holds one of these pieces in high merit, he looks down upon the other.

The vast amount of good music which Shakespeare has inspired cannot be even listed in this article. Some of the more important pieces are Fantasy Overture to "Hamlet," by Tschaikowsky; Symphonic Poem to "Hamlet," by Liszt; "Othello," an opera, by Verdi; and Fantasia, to the "Tempest," by Tschaikowsky.

Invocation to the Muse

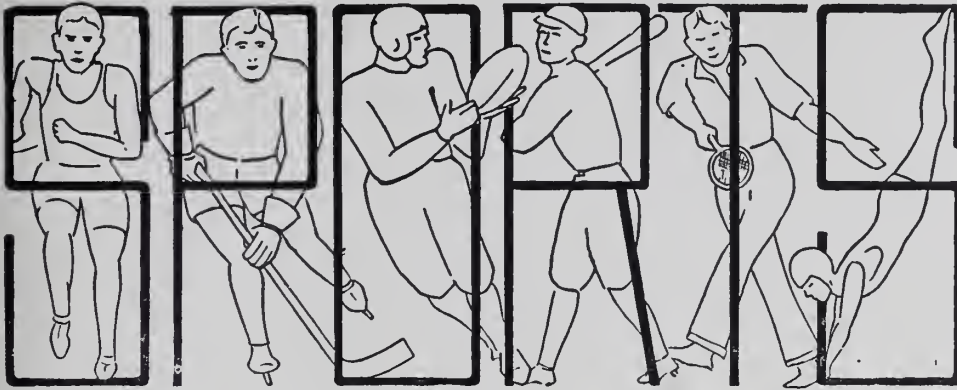
By PATRICK J. BRATTON, '48

*The clarion trumpets call; their chorus rings—
Life's curtain of dark worries draws aside.
The strings take up the theme, the cello sings,
The horns call out that beauty has not died.
Pulsating whispers of a silver flute—
The warm lament of oboe's plaintive moans—
Emotions such as these, evoked the lute
When she, for kings, sang forth her dulcet tones.
O Muse, O Music, open up thy gate;
Let those that seek thee find their way at last;
Receive them all, that all may celebrate
The gifts of music, heirlooms from the past.
This lonely singer cries that all may know
The very treasures that have pleased him so.*

ARCARO BROS.

Dress Clothes for Sale

128 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



By MYRON LASERSON

Baseball

This year's team will have a wealth of experience, for no less than 27 players who have previously played Varsity of J.V. ball are on the squad.

To begin with, the pitching department appears to be the best in many a season, with rubber-arm "Pete" Capidolupo heading the list. He will be aided by "Jumpin' Joe" DeLang, another good right-hand tosser, and southpaw "Dick" Walsh of football and basketball fame. In addition to these three, there are "Chuck" Sullivan and "Jim" Kennealy, from last year's J.V., and "Red" Carey, an infielder last year, always ready and raring for action. But the better part of the battery, and the best of the whole team, is the catching staff. "Buzz" Barton, the Number One receiver, is headed for a great season, and backing him up are four well-seasoned performers — "Dave" Kelley, "Jack" Tierney, Conte, and "Sam" Kantor. Of course, when speaking of battery men, "Jim" Walsh has to be mentioned because of his versatility as both a pitcher and a catcher.

It is still too early to pick the infield starters, outside of veteran second-sacker "Buddy" Powell, since opening day is more than two weeks away when this is being printed. At first base, the contest will probably be between Eli Young and Roy Benson. Both are ex-

cellent fielders, and only time will tell who is the better hitter. Filling the left side of the infield, though, is the toughest job confronting Coach FitzGerald. Three very good boys are trying out for the two positions. Harry Hewes and Jay Baatz have both been around for a long time; and John ("the Fat") Sullivan was a sensation last year, his first. Therefore, how can you pick 'em at this early date?

In the outfield, "Steve" Meterparel appears to be the only man sure of his job. "Steve," who has been a regular for the past two seasons, will probably play center. Other candidates for the outfield berths are "Duke" Diamond, "Ed" Dempsey, and "Tom" Kelly.

There is a strong likelihood, however, that some of the pitchers mentioned above will be playing the outfield when they are not pitching.

A championship ball team always has strength "down the middle"! This year the Latin School baseball team has a great catching staff, a good crew of moundsmen, an experienced second base combination, and a terrific center-fielder. While not going out on a limb in predicting any pennant for B.L.S., we can say that the team should make an excellent showing and should be encouraged by the large attendance at all its games.

Baseball Schedule

April 15—Latin vs. Charlestown at Draper	May 14—Latin vs. Trade at Fens Stadium
April 19—Latin vs. Roslindale at Draper	May 17—Latin vs. B. C. High at Draper
April 23—Latin vs. Dorchester' at Draper	May 20—Latin vs. South Boston at Draper
April 27—Latin vs. Brandeis at Draper	May 22—Latin vs. St. Mark's at Southboro
April 30—Latin vs. Commerce at Draper	May 24—Latin vs. Technical at Draper
May 3—Latin vs. Memorial at Draper	May 28—Latin vs. Brighton at Draper
May 7—Latin vs. Hyde Park at Ross	June 1—Latin vs. East Boston at Draper
May 11—Latin vs. Jamaica Plain at Draper	June 4—Latin vs. English at Billings

Golf

This year the Purple and White golf team has an excellent chance to take the City Championship. There are three boys returning to the team who placed 3, 4, and 6, respectively, in the CITY-WIDE TOURNAMENT last year. These boys—"Bill" Phillips, "Tom" Roberto, and "Tom" Kent—are all in the third class; and although they are still young, their performance last season shows that they are three of the best in Boston ranks.

"Bill" Phillips is the 'leftie' on the team, and his terrific record speaks for itself. Besides finishing in a tie for third place in the city tournament last year, with teammate "Tom" Roberto, "Bill" took part in a golf tournament in St. Paul during the summer. This tournament was for left-handers from all age-groups; and despite the fact that "Bill" was the youngest participant, he finished a very high third.

"Tom" Kent, the same one who stars in football and hockey, is a member of the golf team quite by accident. "Tom," who was manager at the start of last year's season, was 'driving' a few out for fun one day, while Coach Sullivan was looking on. One look was enough for the coach, who immediately made Kent a regular member of the team.

"Tom" finished sixth last year in the City Tournament.

Other lettermen from last year are Captain "Bob" Walsh, "Phil" Guarino, and "Marv" Schwalb. The total of returning lettermen makes six; and although only six boys play in a match, Mr. Sullivan hopes to see more boys coming out for the team. To quote the coach, "There is always room on the team for any experienced player." The main purpose, though, in this golf program, is to enable beginners to learn. At Franklin Field, Walter Phipps, one of the best instructors in these parts, gives free lessons with the use of his own equipment, to any one interested in the game.

Golf Schedule

May 3—Latin vs. South Boston High School
May 5—Latin vs. B.C.High
May 11—Latin vs. Brighton High
May 13—Latin vs. Dorchester High
May 17—Latin vs. Technical
May 20—Latin vs. Roxbury Memorial
May 25—Latin vs. Trade School
June 1—Latin vs. English High
June 7—City Tournament
June 10—City Tournament—cont'd.

Tennis

This year the tennis team will be handicapped by the return of only two "regulars" from last season. These two, "Sid" Schwartz and "Kenny" Barabee, were elected co-captains at the close of last year's campaign.

"Ken" and "Sid," as a doubles combination, were runners-up in the City Tournament last year; and if they have improved at all, they should be this year's champions. Unfortunately for B.L.S., "Sid" Scheer, the freshman wonder of last year who won the "City Crown," has transferred from this school and is now attending Jamaica Plain High School. Other men returning from last year's squad are Neitlich, Hart, Woolf, and Sheffield, none of whom appeared last year to be in the

same class as those mentioned above.

As last year's coach, "Pep" McCarthy, put it, in order to have a championship, there has to be one man who can be depended on to win every time. This year, the one man could be Neal Shulman, who did not play last year because of his studies. Neal was "2 man" on the championship club of two years ago; and since he played tennis at camp all last summer, there is a strong possibility that he has improved enough to become this year's City Champion.

Well, that's the way the team shapes up now; and with stronger competition this year, the Purple and White will have a tough time repeating their championship performance of last season.

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LEE JOSEPH DUNN . . . librarian and senior adviser . . . born in Boston . . . resides in Dorchester . . . B.L.S. '24 . . . earned letter in track . . . graduated from the library school in 1927 . . . M.A. Boston Teachers College . . . married . . . has two children . . . executive secretary of Alumni Association and serves also on its Standing Committee . . . wrote history of Latin School Tercentenary . . . hobbies: photography and sports, particularly track meets . . . always losing sleep over Jae Zilch's college problems.

RICHARD ALVIN THOMAS . . . teaches Physical Ed. and Health Ed. in 225 . . . born in Belmont . . . resides in Boston . . . graduated from Belmont High '33 . . . B.S. from Furman University and B.U. . . . Ed. M. at B.U. '42 . . . earned letters in football, golf, swimming, and basketball . . . served in Navy athletic program for five years . . . married . . . has two children . . . coaches soccer at M.I.T. . . . member of National Soccer Coaches' Association . . . Soccer Referees' Association . . . National Association of Basketball Officials . . . officer in many swimming associations . . . coaches tennis team here at B.L.S.



CHRISTOPHER FRANCIS KENNEDY . . . teaches math in 130 . . . born and resides in Dorchester . . . graduated from B.L.S. '40 . . . participated in debating . . . won Class of 1903 prize . . . A.B. Harvard '44 . . . was in Navy and served as lieutenant (j.g.) on attack transport in Pacific . . . Ed.M. Boston Teachers College '47 . . . member of Naval Reserve . . . Hobbies: golf and swimming . . . advises dejected students to work hard and stay here; says it's worth it, and they won't regret it.

EDITORIALS

By Way of Explanation

"The REGISTER is proud to announce the receipt of the Medalist C.S.P.A. 1948." This statement appeared on Page 12 of the previous issue. The immediate reaction of both the students and the faculty was summed up by a Sixth Classman, "So what?"

Several years back the Columbia Scholarship Press Association was founded at Columbia University, New York. Its main function was to attempt to raise the quality of secondary school magazines, papers, and yearbooks. It has been accomplishing its purpose by publishing a monthly magazine on publication technique and by sponsoring an annual contest to stimulate friendly competition. The main value to the publication entering the contest lies in the constructive criticism of the judges. The contest is divided into several groups, according to the size of the student body. The REGISTER is entered in the 1500-2000 class. A certain number of points is offered for the various elements in the publication: For content, 490; for make-up, 345; for departments, 115; for advertising lay-out, 50. To qualify for first place, the magazine must receive 850 points. In each respective class the top scoring magazines receive the gold Medalist Award. They go to the best high school magazines in the country. To the Sixth Classman: that's the answer to your cynical "So what?"

The REGISTER has the unique quality that allows its glory to be that of the school and the student body. From Class VI to Class I, boys contribute their literary efforts to give the magazine its high standard of content. From IV to I, they contribute time and energy to secure ads and subscriptions. From VI to I they subscribe and so support their magazine financially. The faculty is invaluable in securing the whole-hearted co-operation of the students. The REGISTER is thus representative in these ways or almost one hundred per cent of those who daily pass through the doors of B.L.S. To those who did not contribute towards the winning of the Medalist Award of 1948, we extend the cordial invitation to make themselves a part of the REGISTER in whatever capacity possible. They will be most welcome.

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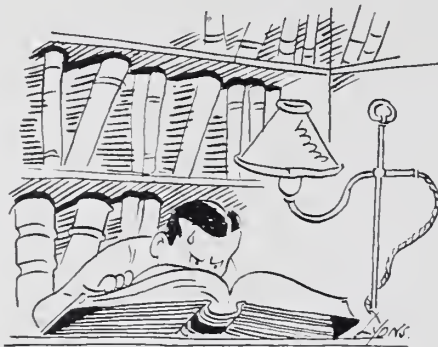
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Old Latin

By P. C. FLAYDERMAN, '48



WE ARE all familiar with Old English and how archaic it is in comparison with modern English. Similarly, there is a modern German and an old German, "High" and "Low"; a modern Hebrew and an ancient Hebrew; and so on down the line of languages. These are all familiar to us; but we are not likely to think of an old or Early Latin, as it is often called.

It is a variety of Etruscan and provincial Latin, which is often confusing and seemingly cryptographic in appearance. We are accustomed to the well-ordered Latin of Caesar and Cicero, regulated by its complicated rules. Early Latin, however, ran its wild course unrestrained by the grammarians and their verbal propriety. If most of our mistakes in Latin were investigated, it might be found that we have merely used some ancient form. A pity teachers do not accept them as such!

A great variety of interchangeable diphthongs and endings were used. *Bonus* might appear as *bounus* or even *dounus*; *oppidum* as *oppedum*; *puer* as *pover*; and *suus* as *sovus* or *suuus* or *souus*; *esto* as *estod*.

Just as they had the habit of adding letters, they also dropped them. *Cosol* would be our *consul*; and *sesor*, *ensor*. But consider the nominative of *hic*: *hec*, *heic*, *hoice*, and so on, only more be-

wildering. The same oddity is present in the declension of *qui*: *quei*, *quai*, *quod*, and so on. This perplexity is heightened in that there is not one variation alone, but many, for almost every word and each of these differences according to individual geographical divisions. For example, single vowels might appear in one locality's variation of a word, which some other section spells with a diphthong or group of vowels.

For scholars devoting many patient years to the study of all these weird forms, there are only remnants and infrequent scraps of writing left. For the most part, these are a wide range of short inscriptions and a fair number of tablets which have weathered the rough usage of time. Of these, a large portion of the words are either illegibly obliterated or wholly missing. Yet, as far as it exists, the subject is fascinating. There are some prayers extant (interesting for their content) and with them a conglomeration of various legal tablets and laws (some of them enlightening), epithets, bits of poems, a few maxims, and a handful of formulae for official use. Among these, one can find the famous 'Twelve Tables', and the well-known 'Agrarian Laws' of the two Gracchi. Even a few 'Senatus Consulta' are extant.

Cato's 'De Re Rustica' is a splendid source of information on this subject. He is our chief consultant on the religious aspect. The great curiosity and strangeness of the subject make it of interest to both the dabbler and the expert. Regular textbooks can supply additional information.

There is one thing that cannot be denied. The mystery of these early dialects is great but contains a great challenge to solve it, and in this scholars are ever working. They might be more successful if only more material were available.

Textile Tricks

By ROBERT LYDIARD



JOSEPH H. AXELROD, '31, was one of the first New Englanders to have a telephone in his automobile. As boss of six textile mills in four cities in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, he needed it to keep in touch as he made his daily tour of inspection. No push-button executive, it was his custom to keep his eye on things. Last January, "Joe" Axelrod added another city and another mill to his collection, one more place to visit on his tour. If you can imagine a man in such a confined space as an automobile making great strides, Joseph Axelrod is the man. In nine years he has round-robined \$5500 into an integrated empire worth six million dollars, which, last year on gross sales of thirty-seven million, brought net profits of some five and a half million.

"Joe" started on the road to success in 1938 with five hundred dollars and four years at the University of Pennsylvania behind him. To his savings his father, a textile jobber, added \$5000, and the four—"Joe," his father, the \$500, and the \$5000 — combined to make the Airedale Worsted Mills, Inc., with "Joe" as president. They rented a

loft, bought some second-hand machinery, and put two men to work weaving worsted fabrics.

It was really a father-and-son team. "Joe" made the goods; his father sold them. When the war came along, the selling was simple. The big problem was production, and "Joe" solved it by using the newest textile techniques on the newest textile machines. All the profits were plowed back into the business to buy more plants and more new and improved machinery. What "Joe" had in mind was integration—to get enough plants to handle wool through all the processes from shearing to the weaving of the finished cloth. After the purchase of Woonsocket's Bernon Mill in 1942, they continued to buy up plant after plant, and now "Joe" and his dad, who is treasurer, have 3,150 men and women working for them. With the January purchase of the Damar Wool Combing Company of Providence, they reached "Joe's" goal of integration.

The fact that "Joe" is a graduate of the Latin School suggests how he developed his habits of rising at 5:30 and

working fifteen hours a day. He spends his off-hours on his 46-foot cruiser daydreaming up new textile tricks like "Crown College." Applying the "more and better milk from contented cows" theory to a personnel efficiency problem, "Joe" built glass-inclosed smoking rooms into his main Crown plant in Pawtucket, decorated the interiors with cheerful colors, landscaped the lawns, and constructed playground and baseball diamond. It compared so favorably with the other ancient, grimy, literally run-of-the-mill plants of New England that the workers began calling it "Crown College."

Taking the ball from there, "Joe" had all the office doors re-lettered. He was labeled "Prexy"; on the general manager's door was printed "Dean"; overseers became "professors"; lavatories were marked "Boys" and "Girls"; the workers became "students." Then

"Joe" started a real school with eleven courses in textile techniques (one class a week) to train Crown workers to use the new cost-cutting machines and processes he was constantly installing in his plants. This paid off double, because during the worst of the man-power shortage, when other plants were begging for help, "Joe" had more applicants than he could hire.

Now the days of the cost-plus basis and the wartime slogan "Production at any cost" are over. War Assets has broken the textile market, and buyers' resistance is stiffening. "Joe's" real test will come with the return of cutthroat competition, when he will have to produce at cost. The ex-Latin boy turned industrial tycoon thinks his company is solid enough to withstand the shock. We, his younger B.L.S. brothers, wish him continuing success.

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Something of Interest.



The Debating Club has sponsored another town meeting. This time the subject was "The Abolition of the Death Penalty." Anyone interested in this topic had an opportunity to question Commissioner McDonald of the Department of Correction when he appeared before the Massachusetts Civic League's youth group in March.

* * * * *

English High, our traditional for-
ensic rival, will be the object of an invasion by our debaters sometime soon.

* * * * *

Under the able guidance of its officers and faculty adviser, Dr. J. Callanan. The Literary Club is currently enjoying a rewarding season. Its encompassing of modern as well as classical literature has proved interesting and profitable.

The President opened the Club's activities with an informative and illuminating talk on the historical novel. The subsequent meetings employed frequent use of literary quizzes, which proved to be an absorbing part of the Club's program. Recordings of "Henry V," "Othello," "Cask of Amontillado," and "The Christmas Carol" were enjoyed by the members at various meetings. The members themselves contributed talks, quizzes, etc., which have all succeeded in making this one of the best years in The Literary Club's lengthy career.

* * * * *

Two issues ago "Something of Interest" printed a story about our Chess

Club. As a fitting postscript to that story, we are pleased to report that the team emerged victorious in its many contests. In short, let it be known that Latin School is now the proud possessor of the 1947-1948 City chess championship. We hope to retain that distinction for many years.

* * * * *

At quarter to ten on the morning of February 20, the State House had its full quota of Senators and Representatives. This time, however, the reins of government were in the hands of approximately 280 student legislators and their alternates. At 10:00 a.m. the members of the Senate appeared at the door of the House of Representatives behind the student Sergeant-At-Arms (Geoffrey Paul, 335), who was dressed in the traditional cutaway and tall silk hat and carried a mace. Paul Mabry (304), Robert Barton (303), Cyrus Del Vecchio (304), and Herbert Katz (302) represented Latin School in the Legislature.

During the morning session, the joint committee of the House and Senate heard messages from Governor Bradford, Student Governor Nichols, and the Hon. Sumner G. Whittier.

At 12:30, the student delegates had luncheon at the Boston City Club. In the afternoon, the House of Representatives debated U.M.T. Cyrus Del Vecchio played an able part in the discussion that followed.

Timothy Galvin (301) and Francis Collins (301) ably managed the positions of State Auditor and Commission-

er of Administration and Finance respectively. Boston Latin thus had a total number of seven students participating. No other high school in Massachusetts had as many delegates.

* * * * *

Students of this school are winning academic honors with increasing regularity. This column is pleased to congratulate Philip Flayderman (301) for winning a full scholarship at Amherst. He received the highest score in a special Greek translation contest. Special

accolades also to Stanley Zisk (307) and Marvin Epstein (307) for their success in the Pepsi-Cola Scholarship contest. Stan received a full college scholarship, while Marvin received a smaller award.

In the realm of science, we are pleased to announce the success of David Yphantis and Stanley Zisk, both of Room 307, in the final competition for the Westinghouse Science Scholarships. Dave received four hundred dollars and Stan received one hundred. Both contenders enjoyed a one-week stay in Washington, D. C.

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REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. LYONS
W. MOSAN

Feb. 20: Washington-Lincoln exercises today, and the Dramatics Club put on a wonderful show (even if the actors do say so themselves) entitled "LINCOLN LETTERS." It must have been good . . . One group of boys, who were feeling miserable because their Latin teacher had said he'd give them a test after the assembly, thought so much of the show that their wild cheers and applause made the exercises last ten minutes longer!!

Feb. 23: One good thing about Latin School . . . it makes one appreciate a vacation . . .

March 1: One bad thing about Latin school . . . it makes one hate to return . . .

March 2: Why I love our basketball team: Basketball is my favorite sport, and getting out of sixth period doesn't harm any.

March 3: Overheard with two "LINCOLN LETTER" players talking:
First Player: "Yes, and when I came out, the audience simply sat there open-mouthed!"

Second Player: "Nonsense! They never yawn all at once!"

March 4: One poor Senior was very much disappointed today . . . He thought, when he paid ten dollars to take the College Boards, he'd receive a ticket complete with answers!

March 5: *Lost and Found Dept.:*
Lost (from Room 212)—Three of

Mr. Dunn's College-Board practice exams.

Found (in incinerator)—One mark book.

March 8: *Overheard while two Latin teachers were talking:*

First teacher: "I dread this summer vacation . . . I'll have to work so hard repairing my summer home after last winter's storms!"

Second teacher: "Well, don't worry . . . you'll be resting comfortably again when you come back next September."

March 9: Report cards out today . . . and darn, I'm all out of eradicator ink!

March 11: *Overheard in Room 304:*
Mr. French: "Newman, do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"

Barry: "No, sir; I never even knew he lived there."

March 12: This is terrible! Worst thing *Ye R.R.R.* has heard since reports of his last column . . . Class I will not be released until June 1st.

March 16: Only Classes III and IV got out first period today to attend the "Evacuation Day" assembly; and in case Mr. Lambert asks you where I was first period . . . remember, I'm still in Class IV.

March 18: In spite of the holiday yesterday, *Ye R.R.R.* feels very much discouraged and would willingly jump out the nearest window (providing it isn't over three feet.)

March 22: *Overheard in Room 210:*

Mr. Gordon: "Do you know which Pope gave you your present calendar?"

Pupil: "Pope?? Oh, no, sir; we get ours from the grocer."

March 23: Don't bother me . . . studying for the College Boards . . .

March 24: Overheard in Science Class:

Pupil: "Sir, how long could I live without brains?"

Teacher: "That remains to be seen!"

March 26: Today's Good Friday . . . and I'm changing its name to something better . . . Any day we have off is more than good.

March 29: Notice from the Offices "Class I boys excused from homework all this week due to College Boards" . . . *Ed. Note:* Class I teachers got a big kick out of that one . . . "Oh, that office," said one physics teacher; "always joking!"

April 3: Ho-hum . . . what a dull day . . . Other than the College Boards, nothing much happened . . .

April 6: Report cards out today! One encouraging thing about next month's marks . . . I can't go much lower in physics . . .

April 8: Brought Dr. Collins a script of the Class Day play "Life with Teacher." Wonder why he held a long pair of scissors while reading it?

April 9: Overheard in Doctor's room: "I don't like your heart action, Connors," said Dr. Pond; "you're having trouble with Angina Pectoris!"

"You're partly right," answered Charlie; "only that's not her name."

April 12: When Fred Lake, a "Life with Teacher" player, asked Mr. Carroll if he intended to see the Class Day play, he answered, "Yes . . . and remember, there are two more marking periods!"

April 13: I went about the third floor today, asking the boys, "What do you think of the R.R.R.?" . . . The results? Well, out of 235 seniors, 78 thought I was stuttering; 56 never heard of it; 43 never read that far in the *Register*; 31 said naturally they ignored it; 22 smiled and asked, "Why, are they going to cut it out?" 3, my best friends, said they read two or three items faithfully; one said his three-year-old sister got a big kick out of it; one other reads it thoroughly . . . and two English teachers said they always use it to show their classes examples of . . . Well, I won't go on, it hurts . . .

April 14: Glub! Blub! Today *Ye RRR* is directing the water pistol sequences of "Life with Teacher," and every time he opens his mouth to give a suggestion . . . Tomorrow I'll bring a towel.

April 15: Overheard at Parent-Teachers Meeting today:

Mother: "Tell me, sir: is my son trying?"

Teacher: "Very."

April 16: Class Day today.

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Alumni Notes

By HOWARD BADEN, '48

We learned with remorse of the death of Arthur Fotch, '97, a master at High School of Commerce for many years.

+ + + +

It was announced recently that Samuel Wakstein, '41, Bertram Grand, '41, Francis Bellioti, '41, and Paul J. Harwood, '42, have been graduated from Tufts College with honors.

+ + + +

Reverend Thomas F. Ryder, '00, brother of Boston College's track coach, recently celebrated the fortieth year of his priesthood.

+ + + +

Dr. Philip A. Lief, '34, recent graduate of New York University of Medicine, is at present a research fellow at Goldwater Memorial Hospital. On July 1, 1948 he will leave for Colorado at the head of the Division of Anesthesiology at the Colorado Medical Center, Denver.

+ + + +

Roy Edward Larsen, '17—President of Time, Inc., Trustee of the New York Public Library, Director of the Harvard Alumni Bulletin—is a candidate for the Board of Overseers at Harvard.

+ + + +

Regretfully we report the death of Midshipman Henry J. Molloy, '44, killed in a plane crash in North Carolina. He was a Navy student flier.

+ + + +

Harries Clichy Peterson, '42, grad-

uate of Harvard University, ex-Marine, and former radio engineer for United Air Lines, is the chief physicist with the Ronne Antarctica Expedition.

+ + + +

During the last elections in Greece, the U. S. Army sent Melvin Richter, for special intelligence work. Mr. Richter has an interpreter for the U. S. Intelligence Service and now is a teacher of languages in Harvard University.

+ + + +

A Boston Latin graduate, Isadore Muchnick, was elected to the Boston School Committee in November. Prior to this election, Mr. Muchnick served as City Councilor of Ward 14. He had a splendid record both at B.L.S. and at Harvard.

+ + + +

Albert H. Damon, '34, who received a Ph.D. in anthropology from the University of Chicago in 1946, is now studying at Harvard Medical School.

+ + + +

At the seventy-third meeting of Shriners, Judge Wilson, '10, was appointed as Imperial Oriental Guide.

+ + + +

Arnold Weiner, '31, is with the Bohta Company, Lawrence, as manager of the sales division of "Boltafex," a vinyl plastic upholstery.

+ + + +

Saul W. Rosen, '44, is a first-year graduate student in the department of chemistry at Northwestern University.

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